P. D. Q. INTERVIEWS Half an Hour with the Secretary of the Treasury

As you stand before the door of the with five or six of them," he smilingly office of the Secretary of the Treasury answered, you behold the proudest possible proof "But we'll take a particular one. You a government can give of its confidence in the honesty of its people.

chest awells.

are united states bonds and thousand dollar bills, aggregating a sum of 11,000, 000, and not a soul to guard them! One has to see the fact with his left eye closed before he can believe it. While 1 stood there with my eyes

buiging and my mouth watering. United You went into a declin States Senators and Representatives, spaired of saving your elected and owned by corporations, stopped to look, and yet not one of them dence in human nature."

The heads

who had find to sell a cow to get money for the trip, but they gazed and gazed and neither one of them exclaimed:

of them?"

When you get as far as the Secretary in the years agone."

When turn away and inquire as to the location of the nearest saloon. There is location and the about war. red tape about your reception. The Secretary does not require your card, and he doesn't give a cuss whether you are from Bad Axe or Yaphank. He has



his desk close to the door and a smile you hear the greeting: "Come right in, old boy, and have a chat and a chair!"

"But you may be rushed today."
"Not a bit of it. I am positively ashamed to draw down the salary I do for the little work there is. I was writing some spring poetry when you

"With hail and sleet, ob, spring, we greet,

With us the robin's song: lid drifts of snow the roses blow, And a blizzard comes along."

You may suppose that I fell in love

nomired and loved and became engaged. The wedding day was set."

Your chest awells.
Your eyes dim with tears.
Fastened to the door with braus tacks are United States bonds and thousand dollar bills, aggregating a sum of \$1,000,000, and not a soul to guard them! One has to see the fact with his left eye closed before he can believe it.

While I stood there with may axes.

"But she died?"
'Oh, no, she didn't. She got to thinking how poor but honest you were, and how it would probably be cold potatoes and calico dresses for her, and she closed before he can believe it.

"Wise girl!" murmured the Secretary.
"Fon a year you were heart-broken. "But she died?"

"For a year you were heart-broken. You went into a decline and they despaired of saving your life. When you

The heads of rings that have stolen almost all the water powers of the West stood before that display and did not even sigh in envy.

There was Uncle Rube and his wife.

"By George!"
"She had changed greatly. She was wan and thin. Her face showed that trouble and misfortune had come to her. She had a starved look and a consumption of the consumption of tive cough. She was poorly dressed. "Did I feel sorry for her?" asked the

"You did. Although she had put you to an expense of \$21 to prepare wedding—although she had shamefully de-ceived you—although she had almost wrecked your life—" forgave her didn't I"

"And kindly asked what I could do for ner. I suppose she wanted a clerkship

and got it?"
"No, Mr. Secretary. She was poor but haughty. She came after a loan from the United States, but she could give ample security. She wanted \$50,000.
"But I can't lend the money of the "Not to everybody-no. She wants an

exception made in her case, because her enterprise is really in the interests of the enterprise is really in the interests of the people. Firstly, she wants a bust of her artist husband placed in the Hall of Fame where future generations may see it, and she herself desires to open an American flag bazaar at the California Exposition. It will be stocked with the flag of our country, and the red, white and blue are to be zold at a nickle apiece."
"But that seems nonsense," replied the

Secretary.
"I dunno about that. How many stars

have we on our flag?

"How many stars—U-m-m-m:"
"How many stripes?"
"How many stripes-U-m-m-m:"
"There you are, Mr. Secretary. About one person out of thirty can answer those questions. It may be a good scheme for all of us to get acquainted with our flag, and to own a little one for a nickle."

"But the loan-the security? "The loan is for the sum I mentioned. The security is a battle scene her husband has painted. It is of a battle in Mexico .- and both armies running away and the ground is literally strewn with one dead mule, who was there the day

"But I can't lend the money."
"Not even in her case."

Could you tell her where she could buy a Louisiana lottery ticket?

and drifts of snow the roses blow,
And a blizzard comes along."

"It's the real thing," I said as I reany hints on poker?"

BOWSER, HE WHITEWASHES And of Course He Makes a First-class Job of It

There was nothing in Mr. Bowser's with whitewash you'll get in trouble and demeanor during dinner to lead Mrs. lay it all to me. I'll hire a man and Bowser to suspect that he had any parise ticular scheme on hand for the evening. "How'il I hay it to you" sharply define the family room when he clekted his throat and gravely observed:

"Mrs. Bowser, how many times do you suppose we have faced death within the last six months?"

"I don't know, but you will."

"That's all bosh! I never lay anything to you'll shall get into a suit of old you suppose we have faced death within the last six months?"

the last six months?"

"Why, what do you mean?" she exclaimed in alarm.

"I mean that we have been preserved about forty times over, and that mira-The state of the s

"ALL MIXED UP ON THE CEMENT FLOOR."

last half year we have stood face to at work, and she got down the campbe

"It's the real thing." I said as I returned his enfort.
"I may publish it in twelve monthly installments when I am fired from this job. Anything the United States can do for you?"
"I have a financial problem, Mr. Secretary.
"I have a financial problem, Mr. Secretary.
"Thand it over and I'll do my best."
"We are to suppose that when you were a young man you fell in love with a nice girl?"
"You may suppose that I fell in love."

THE P. D. O. MAY.

The state of the suppose that thing, and policy and applied cold water. After six months white and microbes. After six months white wash losses its strength and germs and microbes will frisk about and actually feed upon it. For six months then we have had no protection from the shafts of the fell destroyer. The malignant germs and microbes—"
"I get a colored man tomorrow" she interrupted, "though I don't think mighty for a \$100,000."

THE P. D. O. MAY.

The same that nusoand of hers and microbes. After six months white wash losses its strength and germs and microbes. Wash losses its strength and germs and microbes. When the shafts of the fell destroyer. The malignant germs and microbes—"
"It get a colored man tomorrow" she interrupted, "though I don't think there is any danger. There are thousands of cellars which are never whitewashed."
"But didn't you whoop."
"But didn't you whoop."
"But didn't you whoop."

THE P. D. Q. MAN.

"There will be no need or the service of a colored man, Mrs. Bowser. I don't propose to pay a man \$10 to come here and skim over the wall in an hour." "But you-you don't mean that you will

"That's exactly what I do mean I have a pail of whitewash and a brush at the again, nack door. It will not only be beautiful been exercise, but inhaling the smell will do me good. I don't propose to leave a thousand microbes behind in some

cles have been wrought in our favor, even with both legs broken, and she We are alive when we ought to have knew that argument would be thrown been dead. Every day and hour for the away in a quarter of an hour he was last haif year we have stood face to face with the grim monster!"

"I—I can't believe it!" she gasped.

"Perhaps not—not even when your husband says it, but it is the truth nevertheless. We have been in danger of typhoid fever, spinal meningitis, consumption, paralysis and a dozen other fatal diseases, and all through our own carelessness. I can 'ardly conceive how we have escaped."

"But what is it—why don't you tell me?"

"When was our cellar whitewashed last?" he asked in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"Why, about a year ago. I guess."

"Our cellar was whitewashed for sanitary reasons. The idea was to kill germs and microbes. After six months white.

"If I did that was my own business If this that was my own business.

I think I can whoop in my own cellar if I take a notion to. A microbe flew into my eye, and I'm getting it out."

She left him, and after a long tea minutes he got enough of the lime out.

of his eye to enable him to open it again. His baid crown and face had been thickly spattered but he was not discouraged. He thought it would be a etter plan to begin overhead, and work gently until he had gotten the hang of

vell as the ceiling and walls"

"And the kitchen floor:"

"And the back fence!"
"I see."

under me, but I am still alive"/

teen attempts to murder me in one year and now the end has come."

"Mr. Bowser, !---"
But he gestured with his right rand

"But let me-

phone he called:

"Yes



living on the outskirts of that town had living on the outskirts of that town had been buncoed out of \$20 in the Quaker. City the day before, and he went over to get a description of the men.
"But I don't want em ketched," said the farmer after he had told the story.
"You don't?" asked the detective in astonishment. "Don't you want to get your money back."

"Wal, becus they treated me so durined perlite an nice. Say, ye jest orter seen how they acted! Why, every "Who ye cal

YOUR UNCLE 'LISHA He Is As Right As Pumpkin Pie

When a butcher can make pig-pork cease wondering and put in more time out of old hog why can't the buyer of it make \$1 out of 70 cents?

fon't mention the fact that it costs this Better late than never, but what would country \$20,660,600 a year to keep the the farmers have done to relieve their creases pressed in its trouser's legs, and feelings? whiskers on a gate-post.

take the other chair with him. It as more than a whoop this time. It as more than a whoop this time. It as a yell which ifted Mrs. Bowser out sixteen Leghorn bens lay two eggs per was a yell which mice are don't find a darned egg.

day the total will be thirty-two eggster of her chair and made the cook knock the noise off of a pitcher, and the crash which followed made the sashes rattle.

When Mrs. Howser got down cellar she find a darned egg. which followed made the sashes rattle.
When Mrs. Bowser got down cellar she found a pail of whitewash, two broken chairs and a whitewash brush and Mr. Bowser all mixed up on the cement floor.

If the Ohio county treasurer who thought he was a defaulter to the amount of \$800 and committed suicide over it had called in an expert he would have since the romance departed, should now but Mr. Bowser was not dead. The contents of the pail had soaped him from head to foot, and having struck the back of his head on the hard floor he was dazed and flighty. With the asdiscovered that he honest'good. Don't be in two big a hurry to get to heaven. sistance of the cook he was pulled to the wall and propped up, and a few sniffs of the camphor brought him out of the fog. Then Mrs. Bowser tenderly

Give things a chance and they will even up. My neighbor sued me for keeping a barking dog, and the suit was "How did it happen, dear". Did the not yet decided when he had to abandon dicrobes suddenly attack you." singing.

microbes suddenly attack you?"
A long minute went by before Mr.
Bewser could get a word. Then he slowly replied:
"Woman, I understand! You sneaked One reason for so many business failures is that so many men fall to start out right by putting on double fire in-surance and keeping everything in the down here and kicked the chair from "Don't talk nonsense. Are you hurt?"
"You can go, woman! Go and plot and plan another attempt at murder."

"And tomorrow we will end this. Fig. at the house of a man who had been run through a concrete-mixer and told the remains that they looked just as presentable as if they had been reduced by a pile-driver. It encouraged the victhe remains that they

"Mr. Bowser, But he gestured with his right rand and with his left, and kicked out with his legs, and Mrs. Bowser and the cook withdrew and left him alone with the A German savant has spent seven years frisky germs and microbes and fell trying to find cut why the mule is so ready to kick, but havn't hit the solution and he Half an hour later he appeared up tairs with some of the whitewash still linging to him, and going to the teleyet. Easy as pie. The mule knows that everybody is going to kick him, and he aims to get in the first bat.

"Have you got a man that can white-wash a cellar"
"To be sure," was answered.
"Send him up in the morning. I want him to whitewash the cement bottom as I have been told that you can judge a man's character by his whiskers. Mebbe it's so, but it was an old chap with venerable whiskers who stole my dos: it was a man with Burnsides who lit was Anold that with picked my pocket; it was a man with a goatee who highway robbed me, and it was a chap with a mustache that I found in my house at midnight. I doubt if you can tell by the hair on a dog whether

When a man has got to feeling tous there is nothing more in life for him, then he gets even with the rest of us by predicting a blizzardous old winter or a sizzling hot summer. Dark as the future may look, there is always one last hope.

The summer of th

I hired Deacon Wheeler to hoe corn for me because I saw him bust his suspenders in hoeing his own. In working for me he put in about five hours a day and made special arrangements with the sun-ting down two hours earlier than usual. It makes a difference whose cornfield it is.

day are to furnish him with untent leathers est come when they will get over being while some of our family has to go bare

ing who poisoned it. Then it transpired instead of taking them separately. Our that the canine was run over by a farm ing who poisoned it. Then it transpired that the canine was run over by a farmer of a wagon. The Elder could have end eleven dogs in those eleven years, but the thought never seemed to occur to their gray heir amf whiskers that the world might rake them for forty, but

My wife and the wife of a neighbor the world didn't do no such thing. It added didn't exert to their age and called them for forty both the world didn't seem foots besides. The world at large them foots besides. The world at large and they didn't speak to each other for forty both them for forty both the world didn't do no such thing. It added diverges to the perturbed over any one's age, but it doesn't like the smell of seven long years. Then a doctor took them that both had been wrong and it them that both had been wrong and it took the State of Massachusetts a year after that to get tipped back on a level well of seven world and any the first some and mothers their daughters. You will read that the man was in a lumath asylum, and had been there for forty, but the world didn't do no such thing. It added they wars to their age and called them foots besides. The world at large age, but it doesn't like the smell of seven long years. Then a doctor took them that both had been wrong and it.

We read that hefore Noah sailed with his Ark he drove into it a male and forty the man was in a lumath asylum, and had been there for jumply years.

his Ark he drove into it a male and that the man was in a lumatic asylustic of every species of animal on earth. As America was not discovered They Were Polite.

| Cambel of the state of

When I go to vote I feel sure that half the candidates are dishonest and the other half waiting for a chance to be. Therefore, there is no chance for me to be disappointed. Tarmers sung gospel hymns to them in-stead of cussing their eyes they would When the wise men talk economy they have been hard but cheerful workers.

f believe that every man is the better It is easy to figure that if each of your have been struggling for years to get a second pair of trousers ahead, but every time I have accomplished if my wife has been quick to give the old pair away to a tramp, leaving me as before. Still, I and the tramps have had the little glad surprises.

was really 390 to the and then surprise his wife with a box-



VEHERABLE WHISKERS WHO STULE

"Very nice of you, 'Lieba, but I really

contribution box at our church last Sun-day, and the amount collected for the heathen of Africa was \$18.00. The amount needed to buy his wife a pair of shoes so that sife could have been in church with him was \$3. The heathen mass nest-come to understand how delighted ne-

half-fools and have a little common sense. When that day arrives they are ready to seek a lawyer and apply for a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper.

Elder Travers found his dog dent in the river. If he had only been a wise man he would have mixed the water with the which instead of taking them separately. Our

A "TECHTY" CROWD

"Waal, yas," he rather grudgingly adinted, "but I don't want them fellers
i jail over it."
"But—but why not."
"But—but why not."
"But—but why not."
"Wal beens they treated use so

wanter remember thar's a good deal "Who ye callin' Mister Foreman, inter- dignity gotter be gone through with in order seen now they acted: Why, every time they burned inter me or stepped on my corns they begged my pardon. "Why, you, in course," replied the game, ye know. Now, Perkins, her interesting part of their business."

That's part of their business."

They den't ye do it agin, exclaimed. "That's a Bandle to the course, "That's part of their business."

"Thar's a handle to my name, Judge." "A handle? Oh, yaas, so thar' is. Now.

"A handle? Oh, yaas, so thar is. Now, Bill, hev—"
"Hold on thar', Jedge. I've got another name besides Bill, too."
"Wall, hang me for a Chineyman, but I'm gittin' dawg tired o' this thing," shouted the judge, losing all patience with the mun. Now, out your durned.

When I started on my route the other morning I was told that at least two demands for my early spring poetry awaited me down the road. I therefore except in case of life or death." Oh, if that's the case then I'll run fermed from my job. The new rule is not to leave the cart derest tones. "If you go daubing around in: the pail on the other he went to And he went of the thing. He carried two old chairs the laundry and placed them in some one else!" she pleaded in her tenderest tones. "If you go daubing around in: the pail on the other he went to And he went of the hang of the laundry and placed them in: the pail on the other he went to And he went of the thing. He carried two old chairs said: "Mr. Bowser, please leave this job to some one else!" she pleaded in her tenderest tones. "If you go daubing around in: the pail on the other he went to brush up my muse and make demands for my early spring poetry awaited me down the road. I therefore began to brush up my muse and make sure that cat would rhyme with rat "Well, this is it!" "Is it about Susan?" "You've hit it." "Married to Steve Holt?" and hat and that. I had gone a mile when Miss Susan Gregg and Stephen Holt passed me till May.

HONEST ABE, U.S. M.

His Spring Poetry Begins to Bloom



SHE KICKED THE DOG WHEN SHE aving their hands and smiling, and the

girl called out:
"Mother will be waiting at the gate for you, Abe"
Mrs. Gregg was there, and she had a

face as bland as a June morning.

"Abe, come right in."

(Can't-I'm in a hurry."

'You come in or you'll never get another cake or piece of mince pie in this

"Two days ago."
"But I thought it wasn't to take place

"Listen to me with both ears. Abe." she said, and she went on to tell me what I turned into poetry and give below. It can be read bottom-side up and in any language. Like breakfast foods, to death, and if they don't name their first boy after you I'll turn 'em out of

"Now Susan Gregg loved Stephen Holt, She had no love for other; And Stephen Holt loved Susan Gregg, And so 'twas which and 'tother,

Alone and mad she started home, And here a cetting madder:

A husking-bee was held one night,

She kicked the dog when she got home-The cat she gave a kick; She blew her daddy up sky-high, She made her mother sick.

She went to bed a thinking of That wretched Stephen Holt; And that she would prepare for him A most gigantic job; He should regret that he had played

She felf askep—she woke again.
With hirdin trues clear and keep;
'Ba, wretch, we'll sen if this will helt—
I'll turn to paris green?

And to the kitchen wift she new. And in a cupboard there, she found the thing for 'tater bugs, And for her blank despair. And did she die of pizen green?

And straight to heaven go?
Did weeping friends her grave surround,
Amidst three feet of men?

Not any, I am glad to say.
For Stephen hadened there.
And he did from a paracher quick,
And he did for he paracher quick.

"Abe, do you know that Shakespeare wasn't knee-high to you?" said Mrs. Gregg when I had hammered the poem out and read it to her. "He wasn't so very bad."

"Mebbe not, but you are ten times bet Them young folks will be tickled

the house! Two miles away I found there had been another sad attempt at a tragedy because of love. Jacob Bly, farmer's hired man, had been thrown over by the maid he loved, and he returns home to go to the barn and hang himself with a logchain stout enough to hold up the carcass of a He was discovered and cut down and revived just as he was about to enter St. Peter's gate and be through with love forevermore. He wasn't to the farmer, and when I o

her: Said Jacob Bly to Mary High,

Said Jacob Bly; "Oh, Mary, try

And give me your affection;"
(The porth wind waited around the harn With many a sed inflection.) Said Jarob Bly, I'll ever sigh For love of fairest Mary; (A barnyard bog with imager sourabed, But squealing brought him may,)

Said Jacob Bls, with tearful eye: Must I fee lore be diving?"
(The deg man backing at a fex.
Who for a leen was frying.) Said Jacob Bly, so sleek and sly:
"She beeded not my pleading."
(And in the barn a dozen cows
Ou clover hay were feeding.)

Said Mary High to Jacob Bly:

Said Jacob Ris: "I never lie:

Said Mary High to Jacob Hly,
"Go bong, you silly critter,"
(And Jacob went and tried to hang,
And still he will not get her.)

Not a Revengeful Man

a Brooklyn real estate dealer. "but now a Brooklyn real estate death.

t grateful and then I do want to get even. I are few days ago I drove out as far as Min write a poem on him the offer was not received with thanks. I went ahead, how-dog followed me. He's no fighter as a ever, as no first-class , oot will ever miss dog, and it was a had trin for him received with thanks I went shead, how ever, as no first-class local will ever miss dog, and it was a bad trip for him, a chance at a tragedy, and this is what appeared on the record. When sung by dog came rushing out to roll my canine in the dust, and he was licked thirty-the whill of a hungry pack of wolves I was sorry for him and mad at the when they have driven a country school means up a tree, and can't climb after times before we got home. That they driven a country school means up a tree, and can't climb after the was fund made the local made at the local made and the local made at the local I was sorry for him and mad at the other dogs, and thire or four days later I got the loan of a mastiff and made the trip over again. There was fan from the start to finish. The same fan told me to take a swig and binneby farmers' dogs came bounding off the farmers' dogs came bounding off the few got hold of the mastiff before they knew whether he was a poodle or an elephant. They saw their mistake for later and left. He simply left a trail of howing, limping dogs from Prospect, how howing, limping dogs from Prospect, how how how here to Mine of the farmers and back, and Tyo been old that some of the farmers along their disks another cigar an along, the road have offered as high don't you know."

I was sorry for him and made to take and made to take and the box of the same that one of a mastiff and made to take and the sore of the farmers and told me to take another cigar and told me to take another cigar and another the same that the judge, looking all patience of the farm and told me to take another cigar and told me to take another cigar and another cigar and another the same of the farmers along the form and told me to take another cigar and another cigar and told me to take another cigar and another cigar and the form of the farmers along the form and told me to take another cigar and another cigar and the form of the farmers and beach, and Tyo been old that some of the farmers and the drink, and as I way leaving the form and the form of the farmers and the drink, and as I way leaving the form of the farmers and the form of the farmers and the form of the farmers and the form of the farmers are cigar. The form of the farmers are cigar and another cigar

"Mebbe it is. Mister," replied the farmer, "but I can't git over it. Their room wux way up in a big, high building, an wux purty aigh.